

# THE YAMATO HOTEL

CABLE ADDRESS  
"YAMATO"

MUKDEN

S.M.R  
MANAGEMENT

MUKDEN, MANCHOUKUO

Jan 15, 1937.

Dear Margaret,

It is just a week since I landed at Yokohama and was met at the dock by Dr. Grant and Dr. Nobeishi of the Central Sanitary Bureau. It was a clear wintry morning and Mt. Fuji could be <sup>clearly</sup> seen in the distance as we entered the harbor. We drove by car to Tokyo and took rooms at the Imperial Hotel. From then until we left Tokyo every moment was occupied by the interesting schedule that had been worked out for me. Dr. Nobeishi had reserved a fine double room for "Dr & Mrs Sawyer" which will explain the suspicious announcement in the enclosed clipping. So you see "we" have seen Tokyo!

The first day we visited a rural health district in which the I.H.D. is participating but which has not yet gotten

under way. One of the most interesting institutions now in the district was the Mutual Food Distributing plant of the Mutual Food Control Union. It is one of the plants established by the Nutrition Institute in Tokyo under the control of a former student in nutrition, Dr. Darbin. The plant cooked rice and soups, etc. and sent a balanced ration out to the homes at 23 sen per person per day, i.e. 6½ U.S. cents per day. The degree of polishing of the rice is controlled and the ingredients of the rations are carefully planned to give the needed elements at the lowest cost. Any profits are distributed to the subscribers.

He visited the slaughter house, in front of which was a stone tablet in honor of the slaughtered animals. The Buddhists seem to eat meat here, but they erect memorials to appease the spirits of the sacrificed animals, — even of the <sup>distant</sup> elephants that furnished ivory.

In the evening D. Grant and I visited the Ginza, or main shopping street. Everywhere were neon lights and brightly lighted shops, and in addition one side of the street was lined with temporary stands. The sidewalks were crowded with shoppers. Most of the men and some of the women wear European clothes, but the great majority of women wear kimonos with obis and the women add greatly to the color of the scene.

The next morning we visited the Institute of Public Health, <sup>which is</sup> under construction. The R. Foundation is supplying the building, and the <sup>steel</sup> cement work is almost completed. It is a huge building which will form a grand

with the Government Institute of  
Infectious Diseases. There will be  
a garden between. The building  
will be opened in April, 1938, and in  
the meanwhile the faculty must  
be organized. Already there are  
a number of returned Fellows of the  
I.I.T. D who will be available.

It is noted the Government Institute  
of Infectious Diseases and will  
be shown about by Dr. Miyagawa. I had  
met him in Singapore in 1923, at  
the time of the great earthquake in  
Yokohama & Tokyo. For days the Japanese  
delegates could learn nothing as  
to the fate of their families, but  
they went ahead and invited  
the Far Eastern Association of Tropical  
Medicine to hold its next meeting  
in Tokyo three years later. Dr. M.  
remembered meeting me!

There is much interesting research  
going on at the Institute, including  
several studies of virus diseases.

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After the tour of the laboratories we were given a fine luncheon by the staff and were then photographed with ~~it~~ on the front steps. The picture came out better than usual, and we all had the contented look that goes with a full stomach.

In the afternoon Dr. Nobeichi + Dr. Grant took me to Nikko to spend Sunday. It is one of the best known show-places of Japan. We arrived in the evening at its splendid tourist hotel and watched the skating by lamplight before going to bed. Sunday morning we visited the three groups of shrines. At a Buddhist shrine two dancing girls in red and white robes did a religious sword dance to music of drum + wind instruments. The shrines are located in wooded valleys and

are most interesting and beautiful. They are made of lacquered wood and are full of color and elaborately carved. There are many stone or bronze lanterns erected as presents.

Perhaps the most attractive feature of Nihon is the rows of ancient cryptomeria trees, with bark & foliage somewhat like that of Sequoia gigantea. We returned to Tokyo in the evening by fast electric train. <sup>In the afternoon we visited a high mountain lake + waterfall.</sup>

We started Monday with a guest at breakfast. It was Dr. Kusama, a Stanford Graduate who attended San José High School to learn English. He is now Professor of Preventive Medicine at Keio University in Tokyo.

In the forenoon we visited the Urban Health Unit, where Dr. H.D. is assisting, in the Kiyobashi Ward in Tokyo. The piles are being driven for the new building, and in the meanwhile the work is being done in some army barracks set up by the U.S. Red Cross after the earthquake. The staff were gathered together, nearly all returned fellows, and <sup>they</sup> explained the work. Afterwards they took us to a fine restaurant in the top of a tall building and gave us a fine ~~decent~~ luncheon, including wild duck and various Japanese foods. Three of the returned nursing fellows were among the hosts.

From there we went to go to the Kitasato Institute of Keio University, but we were delayed because traffic was held up for the Emperor's train. No one was allowed to go near the train, which was on the way to one of his summer places on the sea-shore.

At Kitasato Institute we first had tea with

the distinguished senior members  
of the staff, Dr. Kitashima, the director,  
Dr. Hata and Dr. Shiga (the famous ones),  
and Dr. Miyajima. The latter is a  
charming person who loaded me  
down with books and publications.

We then went through the institute,  
which unfortunately has to support  
itself by selling biologicals and  
shows signs of poverty. Also its  
great men are getting old. I was  
shown charts which showed that  
rabies has almost disappeared  
from Japan since annual  
vaccination of registered dogs  
became compulsory.

At about six o'clock we  
were given a dinner in a  
Japanese restaurant by the Keio  
University group. The president of  
Keio, Dr. Kaidzumi Koizumi, <sup>was at my right</sup>, had  
called on us at the Foundation in New  
York in December, September. Dr. Hata  
could not come because he has to spend

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(3)

his nights at the seashore on account of asthma, I believe. Dr. Shige was there, and he drew a sketch of Fuji and a spray of cherry blossoms and inscribed a Japanese poem to the effect that the spirit of Japan is wild cherry blossoms in the morning sunshine. There were twelve of us in all, not counting about six Geisha girls in brilliant costume. They shifted from place to place, pouring saki and being as interesting as possible when opportunity offered. The attached is the card of one of them with her name in English Latin script on the back. The menu included all sorts of wonderful things. We sat <sup>without chairs</sup> on low cushions on the floor and ate with chop-sticks from tray. One of the

Courses was crane soup. One of the condiments was described by Prof. Miyajima as the "intails of the sea cucumber" and it tasted like it. There were also quail eggs in soup, yellow-fleshed watermelon green in hot houses, wonderful large strawberries of delicious flavor, etc. etc. etc. The Japanese menu included two kinds of raw fish and a fine large cooked fish. The last-mentioned was prepared by waitresses kneeling on the floor, for there were no tables.

On the next day, Tuesday the twentieth, we visited the Imperial Hygiene Laboratory, a vast rambling group of buildings with icy halls and stuffy laboratories heated with gas or charcoal. We next visited the Nutrition Laboratory of Dr. Taki, which made a better impression.

Just before luncheon we visited the Director of the Central Sanitary Bureau who asked us for some additional fellowships. We then attended the magnificent luncheon of the Home Minister at his Official Residence. The table decorations were characteristically Japanese, i.e. they were landscapes rather than simply flowers. There was a little will with a water-wheel, trees, flowers, & stones. The food was European style. The ice-cream was shaped to represent Mt. Fuji. The menu was specially printed with Japanese & U.S. flags and ~~enclosed~~ <sup>in</sup> hand painted covers, all different. There must have been 30 persons present. On my right sat the president of the Tokyo Imperial University and on my left Dr. Hata. The Minister, ~~read~~ a speech, which was translated, and I replied.

In the afternoon we visited  
the Imperial University and saw  
the great library which Mr. J. D.  
Rockefeller, Jr. built after the  
earthquake & fire. The librarian  
presented Dr. Grant & me with  
pottery models of the library in the  
form of ash trays. They are  
large and heavy & I may discard  
mine before I get home. From  
there Dr. Miyagawa took us  
to see some of the medical  
school buildings and then to  
a <sup>faculty</sup> ~~tree~~ in ~~the~~ honor at the  
Mayeda Memorial Hall. We were  
again photographed on the steps.

In the evening we again took  
off our shoes and had a  
Chinese dinner as guests of  
the Rockefeller Fellows Club. There  
were 28 of them, including about seven  
males. We ate black eggs, bird's  
nest soup, shark fins, and many other  
weird things.

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On our last day in Tokyo, Wednesday, Jan. 13, we had a breakfast guest as usual, Dr. Saki this time. He then went to Keio University and were shown the Department of Medical Preventive Medicine under Dr. Kusama. It had been built with help from the Division of Medical Education of the R.F. The place looked clean & efficient. We then visited The St. Luke's Medical Center, a huge modern hospital and nursing school. The R.F. helped the school. Miss Tenant will be visiting it next month. We were guest at a luncheon of the Advisory Council of the M.C. Baron Sabatani, the Chairman made an address of welcome <sup>and gave thanks to the R.F.</sup>, and I had to reply. The American Ambassador, Mr. Brew, my classmate in the class of

1902 at Harvard, also spoke. After the luncheon we were rushed to the station & departed by fast electric train at 3 p.m. We had sent our baggage to the station in the morning.

The train went through hills and across valleys, sometimes skirting the sea-shore. Mt Fuji towered above us and was a wonderful sight with its snowy slopes.

The next morning, Jan 14, we arrived at Shimoneseki and took a boat for Chosen (Korea). It took all the eight hours of the crossing of the Japan sea to write my diary and sort over the mass of printed matter we had collected. Much of the scientific literature had to go overboard after brief reading.

We landed in Fusan in the evening and walked about the town. We saw many hundreds of pheasants in the shops. Some are shipped to England, I am told. There were other shops full of stuffed birds and animals. Many of the people wore fur caps and ear-muffs and the queer Korean hat. We left on a fine, standard-gauge gauge train well equipped and over-heated. When we woke up we saw snow covered plains & some mountains. The rivers were frozen & we could see men <sup>boated</sup> sleds along on the ice just as the Chinese pole boats. There were heavy two wheeled carts pulled by horses & even harnessed together, usually a horse between the mafots and ~~the~~ three other animals pulling in front. Barbed wire entanglements and pill-boxes, were in evidence along

the railroad to protect against  
"bandits".

We reached Mukden, a smoky  
railroad and manufacturing city  
with 500,000 inhabitants before dark, and  
came to the Yamato Hotel maintained  
by the South Manchurian Railway.  
Before dinner Dr. Grant & I walked  
about the city. The Russian houses  
are numerous but look ancient  
and dilapidated. There are also  
many rickshaws. Delicious roasted  
chestnuts are for sale, and we  
munched them as we walked.

Afterward we returned to the hotel and  
had a good dinner. The temperature  
is below freezing, but warm for  
this region in January. Tomorrow  
we shall visit the Medical School  
and then continue our journey toward  
Peking.

With much love,

Willie